

CANDOUR

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Views - Letter*

To defend national sovereignty against the menace of international finance

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TRUTH SLAYERS AND PROFIT MAKERS

Or

How to Set the World to Wrongs

The more one studies history (with a critical eye) - a somewhat esoteric occupation in our contemporary society - the more one finds that the pages of the most popular volumes on the subject contain repeated references concerning the actions of personages on significant occasions which reveal them as characters whose reported behaviour in those circumstances is so much at variance with what has gone before as to make them appear too be schizophrenics; and yet the general run of contemporary teachers and students seem never to notice, much less comment upon, such anomalies.

Whence this paradox, we wondered..... well, not really..... long time spent in the backgrounds of history makes the conscientious researcher an even more conscientious unearther of the truth behind the masking tape. Such a one is no longer to be deceived by the repeated whitewashings of villains and / or subsequent blackening of heroes who have been physically and probably, character-assassinated as well, to promote a devil's dynasty. To come at the truth it is only necessary to discover who benefitted from such crimes and deceptions. But the snags in such simple solutions are that the apparent benefactors are almost invariably mere camouflage for the seemingly indestructible human dynasty of Goldfinger and Sons, who have inherited a monopolising interest in the fact-falsifiers whose almost universally accepted versions of selected persons in history books have trained, and continue to train, successive generations of already misinformed citizens to be suitable material to be sucked painlessly into the maw of the World Government boa-constrictor, and thus to be assimilated into the system, much as was the poor donkey swallowed and passed through the giant snake's digestive system in the classic tale of the Swiss family Robinson.

This last spring, there was a case in point: a sixty-nine year old man who is a professional musician, lover of jazz, which as he himself has remarked: "is the most *unpopular* of popular music", in this day and age, wanted to give a concert in London, chiefly for this city's Italian residents who, it seems, are often devotees of this "unpopular" pop. He was put in touch with two Italian businessmen who were happy to sponsor such an event in a top hotel in a lush part of London. So it was arranged. Hardly in the class of "the last night of the Proms" for news worthiness, one would think. *But*, and what a "but"..... the pianist's name was Romano Mussolini and the sponsors (R. Fiore



and M. Morsello) were partners in ownership of a business in London and known to the media as allegedly having "connections with the far right in Italy and the U.K." Thus, *Time Out* on the 28th February, 1996, six days before the event, headlined the news of it with: "**MUSSOLINI'S SON TO PLAY AT FASCIST EVENT**" under a photograph of an amiable looking Massimo Morsello and a heavy type insert: Quote: "*We are obviously fascist, we are open about that, and we have a weakness for Mussolini's father*".

It transpired from the rest of the interview that these two (Fiore and Morsello) blatant fascists who have *never* "been directly implicated in the Bologna outrage (1985) were sentenced *in absentia* to nine and ten years respectively for subversive associations and being members of an armed gang." Still according to *Time Out*: "...members of the capital's Italian community fear that, despite Romano's *non-political* (our emphasis Ed.) reputation, the very name of Mussolini and the

involvement of Fiore and Morsello will attract an audience of far right sympathisers and turn the event into a neo-fascist night out." - So, who are the "fearful" Italians who are not "far right" enthusiasts? The *Time Out* "investigator" was JULIAN KOSSOFF.....

Presumably alerted by *Time Out*'s 28th February expose, the Anti-Nazi League leapt into the ring with what seems to us to be a somewhat contradictory advertisement for their unsavoury organisation.

STOP THE FACIST JAZZ CONCERT

ran the headline, beneath which was repeated *Time Out*'s potted, alleged, biographical records of the two "dastardly, Il Duce 'adoring' business men, who run an accomodation agency where Italian-Nazi skinheads are used to harass and intimidate tenants." This last is the ANAL's contribution and it continues:

"In Hitler's Germany Jazz was banned. Concerts were broken up in the occupied territories and Jazz musicians sent to concentration camps."

So, are we being urged to cancel the concert because: a) It is fascist? or b) It is what Hitler would have done? or c) Because it is rascist? or d) Because it is anti-rascist and endangers the black and white unity that kept the Nazis on the margin of British politics?

"COMPLAIN TO THE MANAGER OF THE MARRIOT, BOYCOTT THE HOTEL AND THEIR FASCIST CONCERT AND JOIN THE ANTI-NAZI LEAGUE TODAY."

Ended the telling advertisement - but who listened?

The Independent reported on March 2nd, 1996:

"Anti-Nazi League supporters picketing a concert given by Mussolini's son, Romano, a jazz pianist, at a London hotel last night clashed with members of the audience."

"One of the demonstrators, Robert Hoveman, 40, claimed: 'We went in to shout our protests. All of a sudden we were greeted by a dozen smartly dressed Italians who began kicking and punching us...' "He said that one protestor had cuts to the face, another was arrested."

On the 5th of March, *The Independent* published a piece by Peter Popham who confessed to being: "intrigued by how a man with such a name" - Mussolini - "has lived his life."

The piece began with a synopsis of the pre-concert arrangements, the selection of sponsors, venue, and the - too late - discovery of the identity of those sponsors and the resulting appearance of a "couple of dozen demonstrators from the Anti-Nazi League" who were "waiting outside the Marriot Hotel in London where the concert was held; at one point they broke in and were involved in scuffles with the organisers' security guards. The concert proceeded without interruption." (Our italics, Ed.).

Then was recounted his interview with Romano Mussolini, from which we learn that all the hoo-ha had not been about Romano at all. If he had not been the son of Benito Mussolini, the media would have had no interest whatever in a sixty-nine years old professional jazz musician and his quartet "providing an evening of nostalgia for an almost entirely Italian audience."

The whole canard proceeded from the time dishonoured persistence of the falsifiers to set the whole world to wrongs. Truth which alone makes men free will always be the enemy of liars, whom we have on the best Authority are the spawn of the Devil.

So inadvertently is Benito Mussolini justified by the enemies of truth.

THE LIGHT OF FASCISM

(A Talk about a Dream) by 'Il Cavaliere Nero'.

"The Black Knight".

A conference was held on 28th of April, 1996, at a location in Southern England and addressed by an Italian we will call, for security reasons *Il Cavaliere Nero*. The audience included English, Polish, Italian, Spanish and French comrades. *The Black Knight* talked about the life and times of Benito Mussolini, the point of reference being the 51st anniversary of the murder of Il Duce.

(We begin with an intro from another Italian Comrade...)

"Why are we talking about Mussolini 51 years after his death? To understand this we have to just think for one minute, why was fascism born, and when, against what, and what was the result of fascism in the 20's, 30's and 40's. We have to remember one basic thing, fascism started as a distinctive reaction against liberal democracy and against the onslaught of Marxism all over Europe. We have to remember, obviously, that in 1917 we have the Russian revolution, but that was not the only act the communists accomplished in those years. Basically in every country you have trade unions, communist parties and a very strong assault on the Western and Eastern powers. The liberal democracy either is an accomplice to communism, or is frightened. We have the first examples, in a Christian democracy, of a treacherous movement, starting in the 1920's and which brought Catholic Italy to disaster. Total defeat was on the cards if fascism had not emerged.

Fascism started as a movement of very few people in every small town in Italy who were prepared to get their guns when the communists were attacking the town halls, the factories and the basic fabric of society, schools, hospitals and so on. Very few people, sometimes four or five only in a town were prepared to go onto the street and fight. We must remember that after only 2 years of the "so-called" fascist revolution, the fascist dead numbered some 2,500, whereas the communist dead were only some 1,500. *Already we see a great sacrifice of blood,*

The first thing is that this was a war against Communism.

The second point is that this was a social movement. I am sure that our main speaker will go into the origins of Mussolini. He was a socialist to start, suddenly he changed, he realised that behind Socialism there was a different agenda. He realised that the point should not be to make people proletarians but must be to make people proprietors and that is why in Italy in the twenties we have the highest form of social legislation in the world. Workers are given safety measures, they are given the 40 hours working week. They are given the possibility of sharing the power in the firms where they work. Immense power is given to working class Italy.

The third point is this, we talk nowadays about the *New World Order* (NWO), already back then we had the germs of the NWO, in fact we already had the NWO. We had the power of Wall Street, we had Marxism, we had freemasonry, we had the power of international Jewry. We had them all! Fascism, Mussolini, were the first attempt in this Century to rebel against the NWO, and it gathered momentum very, very

quickly. We have to remember that fascist movements will start very quickly all over Europe and throughout the world.

In 1936 we will see an incredible example of friendship from one nation to another when Italians go to war to defend Spain against freemasonry and marxism.

Mussolini understood that there could not be social or political revolution without a connection to the highest moral values. Basically God, Fatherland and Family. So again in Italy we have the highest form of legislation between State and Church. The Church is given the primary role in the education of all the nation, but is told also, and this is very important, *not* to enter into political business. So the Church is the spiritual guide of the nation but at the same time does not get involved in politics, and in those years it builds in the Italian grass roots a generation of people who will be always, and they are still now staunch defenders of their faith, staunch defenders of justice and staunch defenders of their country.

Now, is fascism finished ?

If you have followed the events in Italy over the past year you realise that it is not. There is a continuous call in Italy for something to happen and for a "sort of" fascist solution to come back. Now obviously the enemy knows that, and the enemy has made major infiltrations into the so-called neo-fascist or post fascist movement in order to sway *completely* the genuine movement into something that is not any more genuine. We know that the Secretary of the National Alliance (Fini) has been here to England, to Chatham House, which is basically the throne of the Rothschilds, we know that there is a massive attempt at infiltration, but at the last general election one clear element has come out, that 15-16 % of the Italian people have given a vote to the National Alliance, which is the so-called post fascist movement but means that people are prepared to vote for a "fascist" movement, and another one million votes have gone to the hardline fascist movement *Movimento Sociale - Fiamme Tricolore* (MS-FT), with strong social politics, strong moral positions and is a sign that there is a radicalisation in a time at which communists and high finance have probably for the first time in history (openly) made a new government.

I have brought with me the latest issue of the newspaper - *Foglio Di Lotta* - of the hardline movement and it is a very clear fact that the youth, the working class youth of Italy is coming in droves to these ideas. So I have nothing more to add and our friend will go into depth of what has been the history of this movement and the history of Mussolini, but especially for us we must remember that the vital forces which pushed fascism into existence are the same vital forces that have created *us*.

And now I hand you over to "*Il Cavaliere Nero.....*"

" I will try to divide this talk into two periods, first of all I will talk about Il Duce himself and the main steps of fascism, then after you have all stretched your legs I will talk about fascism and finally the *Repubblica Sociale Italiana* (RSI).

We will talk today about a dream. Because fascism is a dream. When I say dream I do not mean something that does not exist, but something that gives realisation to something 'other'.

Mussolini was born at 2pm on Sunday, 29th July, 1883. At, and I do not say this by chance but because you will see that it will have an importance, a small country house at Varano dei Costa, in the village of Dovia, which is part of the town of Predappio, in the Romagna region of Italy. He was

the son of a blacksmith and a primary school teacher. The people of this region are known as very quarrelsome and the environment can help us to understand the way he reacted to situations, because he was always reacting to something. The environment of Romagna at the end of the last century had this kind of atmosphere. The people were republicans or anarchists or socialists, but *never* nothing ! They were very well divided and their politics dominated friendships, marriages, work and human relationships in every sense.

What is important about Mussolini is his pride. He was a very, very proud man.

By 1912 we find Mussolini managing the socialist newspaper *L'Avanti*, he was a true socialist from the beginning. In 1914 he left *L'Avanti* to found and manage the newspaper *Il Popolo d'Italia* and in contrast to the socialist parties he urged Italian participation in the First World War. He joined the 11th Bersaglieri Regiment and served for two years during which time he was wounded in the leg. In 1919 he founded the *Fasci di Combattimento* (Combat Groups). In 1921 he was elected as a Deputy to the Italian parliament and on the 28th of October, 1922, he marched on Rome along with 40,000 blackshirt comrades. On the 30th of October Mussolini was charged by King Victor Emmanuel III with the duty of forming a new government and was elected Prime Minister. From then on Mussolini began to rule the country. In 1929 he subscribed to the Lateran Treaties which gave back to the Vatican the importance that it had lost in 1870. Once again the Crucifix was displayed in buildings ranging from the classroom to the courtroom.

In 1936, after the invasion of Abyssinia, Mussolini proclaimed the birth of the Italian Empire. From 1936-39 Blackshirts fought shoulder to shoulder with their Spanish brothers against the communist threat to Spain and contributed to the defeat of the red threat. (Forgive me for jumping through dates here to cover events of significance because of the time factor of my talk.)

On June 10th, 1940, Italy joined Germany in the Second World War. After 1942, partly due to the terrible Russian winter, the situation deteriorated for the Axis powers. On the 19th of July 1943 the first allied bombing of Rome took place, codenamed '*Angels Over Rome*', in only a few hours it left 3,000 dead.

The 25th of July 1943 became a day of shame. Mussolini was arrested, one of the worst actions ever carried out by Italians. We must realise that on the 24th of July, the day before, at 5pm, the Fascist Grand Council had convened for the first time in some five years. Mussolini attended with no idea that men who had served him for twenty years were preparing to take the instruments of power from his hands. By the time the meeting broke up at 2am on the 25th, of the 28 leading fascists present 19 voted in favour of the anti-Mussolini proposition that had been put forward. Mussolini's response to this was "We can go. You've provoked a crisis of the regime. The meeting is over."

At 5pm the same day, showing a deep respect for the constitutional rules Mussolini went to see the King to resign from his duties. On arrival at the Villa Savoia he met with the King who had already conspired with some leading military officers to have Mussolini arrested the moment the audience was concluded. On leaving the Villa Savoia Mussolini was bundled into an ambulance and driven past his bodyguards who were waiting in a car outside.

First Mussolini was held at a police station in the centre of Rome for three days. From the 28th of July to the 6th of August he was held on the island of Ponza. From there he was moved to the island of La Maddalena, off the North-West coast of Sardinia.

Why all of this movement ? Because Germany and Hitler did not forget their friend, and with the help of a guy called Otto Skorzeny, and from the moment of his abduction were *always* looking to set him free. Hauptsturmführer Skorzeny was chosen personally by Hitler to find and rescue his friend. Finally Skorzeny pinned down the location of Il Duce to Gran Sasso, *La Albergo Campo Imperatore*, a converted ski hotel some 6,000 feet above sea level in the Appenines and accessible only by cable car. It is a very beautiful place where the hotel still stands, it is by the way run by a communist.

During his twelve days at the Gran Sasso Mussolini read a great deal and for his sixtieth birthday received from Hitler as a present, re-directed from Rome by his jailers, the complete works of Nietzsche.

Working with General Student and Major Mors, Skorzeny, made his preparations for a commando assault on Gran Sasso. His plan was to go in by glider. A plan that the experts told him was impossible. After a final reconnaissance flight Skorzeny assembled his force of 12 DFS - 230 gliders containing a total of 108 battle hardened German soldiers, all volunteers. X hour was 1400 on the 12th of September 1943. I will let Otto Skorzeny describe the operation in his own words.....

"In spite of the braking parachutes, our machine landed much too fast. It bounced several times and there was a frightful din, but finally it came to a stop about 15 metres from the corner of the hotel. The glider was almost totally destroyed. From then on everything happened very quickly. Weapon in hand, I ran as quickly as I could toward the hotel. My seven Waffen - SS comrades and Lieutenant Meier followed. An astonished sentry just stared at us. To my right there was a door: I kicked my way in. A radio operator was at work in front of his set. I kicked the stool out from under him and the radio operator fell to the floor. A blow from my submachine-gun destroyed the radio set. Later, I learned that at that very moment the man was supposed to send a report from General Cueli that aircraft were approaching to land. The room had no other doors, and so we dashed along the back side of the hotel looking for an entrance: but there was none, just a terrace at the end of the wall. I climbed on to the shoulders of Scharführer Himmel. I climbed up and found myself standing at the front side of the hotel. I ran on and suddenly caught sight of Mussolini's striking profile in a window frame.

"Duce, get away from the window!" I shouted as loud as I could.

There were two machine-guns in front of the main entrance to the hotel. We kicked them aside and forced the Italian gun crews to back away. Behind me someone shouted: "Mani in alto!" I pushed against the carabinieri who were bunched up in front of the entrance and fought my way against the stream in a not too gentle fashion. I had seen the Duce on the second floor to the right. A set of stairs led upward. I raced up them, taking three steps at a stride. On the right there was a hallway and a second door. The Duce was there, and with him two Italian officers and one person in civilian clothes. Untersturmführer Schwerdt bundled them into the hall. Unterscharführers Holzer and Benzer appeared

at the window: they had climbed the facade using the lightning conductor. The Duce was in our hands and under our protection. The entire action had been played out in barely four minutes - without a single shot being fired.

I had no time to say anything to the Duce. Through the open window I saw Radl (Skorzeny's adjutant) and his group approaching on the run: their glider had landed in front of the hotel. Weapons in hand they rushed to the entrance where the carabinieri were just beginning to set up their machine-guns again. I called to Radl: "Everything in order here ! Secure below !"

A few shots were fired in the distance: the Italian sentries had come to life. I stepped out into the hall and asked to speak to the Italian commander immediately. The carabinieri now had to be disarmed as quickly as possible. Their leader, a colonel, wasn't far away.

"Any resistance is pointless," I said to him in French. "I demand your immediate surrender !"

"I need some time to think it over !....Must speak with General Soleti...."

"You have one minute ! Go !"

Just then Radl walked into the room; he had been able to push his way through. I left two of our soldiers to guard the door and stepped into Mussolini's room. Schwerdt was still there.

"Duce, the Führer has given me orders to free you !"

He shook my hand and hugged me, with the words, "I knew that my friend Adolf Hitler would not leave me in the lurch !" Benito Mussolini was extremely moved and his eyes glistened. I must confess that this was one of the greatest moments in my life."

Mussolini, Skorzeny and the pilot Hauptmann Gerlach then squeezed into a tiny Fieseler Storch aircraft, built to take only *one* passenger and I must mention that Skorzeny was a giant standing some 6' 6" tall, before leaping into the abyss from a hurriedly prepared short runway. Colonel Mors is now an old man whom I personally met three years ago when I organised the 1943-93 celebrations at the hotel Gran Sasso to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of Il Duce's release. Otto Skorzeny died in Madrid in 1976 after many more adventures during and after the war.

In the meanwhile, on the 8th of September 1943, which is for many the most shameful and disgusting date in Italian history, my country was betrayed and sold. The King along with many politicians and officers showed all of their cowardice and betrayed their former German allies. They ran away from Italy.

After his liberation, Mussolini was flown to Munich and there reunited with his wife and two of his children who had been released from house arrest at Rocca della Caminate by another group of Skorzeny's men. The next day Hitler welcomed him to his headquarters and warmly embraced Mussolini before a large crowd of people.

The daring release of Mussolini sent shock waves around the world and the action was reported admiringly in the press of many countries. The traitors in Italy had been preparing to hand Mussolini over to the Americans at any moment in order to save their own skins and positions in a post-war scenario.

Now was the time for Mussolini to make radical plans for the future.....

(Continued next issue.....)

A SERIOUS CASE THAT WAS SOLVED BY THE USE OF CORRECT IDENTIFICATION

by Bwana Mkubwa.

In the now distant golden age of Colonial rule in Central Africa, when law and order prevailed and justice held sway, the African people always knew that if they went to court either as witnesses for the prosecution, the defence or as complainants, they would receive a fair hearing from the patient, learned Bwana Magistrate who was sitting in judgement. They also knew that if they gave their evidence as truthfully as possible the Magistrate would give due credit to their story no matter how bizarre or seemingly far fetched. Most of the crimes in the Colonies were of course committed by Africans against other Africans. Some of these cases were on occasions, delightful and amusing to attend, as well as being lessons in the traditional British fair and impartial way of conducting such affairs. I recall one such case that was heard in the Magistrates' Court in a town called Broken Hill in what was then Northern Rhodesia, in the early 1960's.

There were then and there may even still be, a number of Africans who followed the trade of caterpillar sellers. Caterpillars, either dried in the sun or else cooked in hot ashes were traditionally a great delicacy among most of the many African tribes of Central Africa. Some Europeans too also enjoyed them. (For the record they taste rather like potato crisps.) Caterpillar sellers were well liked by the Europeans who respected their industry and hard work. At a certain time of the year, mostly just after the rains, the forests were alive with many species of edible caterpillars. Women would go out in large, noisy, happy groups from the villages or townships and gather pots of the creatures to cook for their families. However the professional caterpillar sellers would be found selling their wares in the large, thriving markets that were to be found in those days in every township, large or small. In those far off days when cheap food was plentiful and famine was only an awful memory of the frightful pre-colonial past, caterpillar sellers would ride out on their bicycles, far into the forests. Each had his own secret area where he knew the tastiest ones were to be found in large quantities. They would set up their lonely camp deep in the forests and then they would work from sun up until night, gathering caterpillars by the thousand. They would stop after a few days to cook or sun dry their hauls and then start working again. It was a hard and often dangerous occupation as it meant walking many miles alone in the vast forests, camping out at night with only a fire and a spear as protection against the many dangers to be found there, wild animals, snakes and so on. They walked many miles and climbed countless trees. Caterpillar gatherers were brave hardy men. When at last they had as many as they could transport, loaded into huge sacks, they would then fasten the sacks on to large wooden carriers on their cycles and then would slowly ride or push their heavily laden machines the wearisome miles back to the towns and markets where they found their eager customers.

It was a hard but profitable business. In the early 1960's a large sack of caterpillars, when sold (as was the custom) by the cup-ful, was worth from twelve to fifteen pounds sterling. A man with say five sacks at a time would, after a few trips, have a goodly sum to show for all his strenuous seasons' work. One such caterpillar seller set up his stall in the

bustling mining township market at Broken Hill and brisk business commenced. After a while he had cause to leave his stall for a short time and on his return found to his consternation that his largest sack, full to bursting with prime cooked caterpillars had been stolen! Anxious enquiries among fellow stall holders revealed that a large, rough and very suspicious looking African man had been seen by one man, slinking furtively out of the market carrying a large sack. Others said that they believed that this man was a well known villain just out of prison. The worried caterpillar seller reported the theft at the local police station and investigations were promptly set-up. The experienced African detectives soon tracked down the suspect and found him in the process of selling, for a ridiculously low price, a large sack of caterpillars. The outraged caterpillar seller claimed that this was his stolen sack and as there was enough evidence for an arrest the man was taken into custody. At the Police station, the suspect, long practised in lies and deceit, claimed that the sack and its contents were his. He had collected them all himself out in the bush. After further enquiries it was decided that there was enough evidence to put the case before the learned magistrate.

The court scene was typical of so many in those far off days. The highly polished dock; witness box; the Magistrate sitting higher up at his long, polished bench, looking down on all; A picture of Her Majesty the Queen serenely gazing down on this far flung corner of her Empire. Below Her was a magnificently embossed Coat of Arms; The Public Prosecutor; a European Police Officer dressed in immaculate khaki bush jacket stood at his long desk with a long row of thick, leather-bound, law books beside him. As the case involved Africans a trained interpreter sat beside the Prosecutor. All was correct here, as elsewhere throughout that vast continent, where British rule was to be found, a simple but important case was to be heard, discussed, argued and in the end judged with the same impartiality and search for justice as it would be in any court in the "mother land", the United Kingdom. This case as with every other could be appealed right up to the House of Lords. The scene was set for the great legal battle. "*Regina versus Tickey Tembo*", (a name often adopted locally by villains.)

The Prosecutor called his witnesses, each of whom, even though very awed by the proceedings, gave his evidence in the long, colourful, and demonstrative way of the unsophisticated African. The accused in his turn, gave each witness a hard time as, skilled in Court appearances, he tried to trip them up. His questions were full of cunning, presenting a variety of possible meanings in the witnesses' statements as to what they had seen. Truth was however obvious in all *their* words. The large audience of mostly market sellers, relations of the complainant and the witnesses, listened with fascination to every word, often giving loud shouts of approval at what was said, to be silenced by the ever alert Court Usher, a tall dignified African. The caterpillar seller gave his evidence last of all. He explained to the interested and sympathetic Magistrate the long hard day's work that had gone into the collecting of his load of caterpillars. The weary miles in the lonely forests. He described it all with colourful African gestures and mimicry. The audience tut tutted in sympathy. The accused however gave him a very hard time of it. He attacked his story in every detail, especially his claim that the sack of caterpillars was his. How did he know ? The Magistrate too, as was the

custom, also asked questions about this vital point, the identification of the sack of caterpillars. The caterpillar complainant agreed with the accused and the Magistrate that he had not marked his sacks, he certainly would in future, but he had never had one stolen before.... The audience murmured even still more sympathetically. The accused kept at it that one sack looked very like another.

Realising that he could get off on this technical point the accused hammered away on the identification of the sack. The Magistrate and the Prosecutor agreed that this point would have to decide the case. It looked as if the rascal, although everyone including the magistrate knew that he was guilty, would get off and horror of horrors he would have to have the precious sack of caterpillars returned to him. His self confidence grew as he began to sense that he could outwit the Europeans with their silly, trusting, laws of evidence. The Prosecutor had the huge hessian sack put on the table, all eyes were glued to it. He then had the contents poured out. A huge pile of light brown sun dried caterpillars cascaded out, forming a great homogeneous pile of silent witnesses, each with two large unblinking black eyes. Ah, if only they could talk ! The Prosecutor turned to the little caterpillar seller. Is there any way that you can positively identify these caterpillars ? There was a great hush, all eyes were on the honest little African, his brow corrugated with lines of thought. He stared intently at the pile of caterpillars, at their motionless eyes, minutes seemed to pass, then a great grin split his face as if he was being inspired by some great helping force, "Why yes Bwana", he said, "I know each one by *face* !". The Magistrate, the Prosecutor, the entire court room dissolved into helpless laughter. When he had finally recovered, tears of mirth still streaming down his face the learned Magistrate said, "Well if you can willingly swear that you can recognise some 20,000 caterpillars by *face*, then I can convict, first though I have to ask the accused what he says to this ?". The huge villain, his face working in frustrated rage, was silent for a moment, then declared, "He is too clever for me". Faced with such obviously concrete evidence he broke down and confessed his guilt..... The thief was accordingly convicted and sentenced.

The caterpillar seller and all his friends let out huge whoops of glee and marched off in delight, carrying the precious sack, which being of perishable contents, the court had immediately released, confident that the accused would not appeal. Justice had been done and seen to have been done. Off all the delighted Africans went to celebrate their victory in the customary way, with pints of beer and many retellings of the story.....

Where else I pondered, could such a case have occurred except in Colonial Africa. Where else would highly trained and educated men have sat and patiently sought out the true ownership of a sack of dead caterpillars and convicted the accused after so fair a trial ? Where else among unsophisticated trusting peoples, was the search for truth and justice carried out without cruelty or bribes as it was done in the British Colonies ? Alas these were also the days when the, sneering, clever dick liberal know-alls in the UK, USA, the UN and elsewhere were in the midst of their, cacophonous, destructive (and well orchestrated. Ed.) crescendo against the Colonial system, the ruin of which has led to the ghastly, seemingly endless horrors that have ravaged Africa for the last thirty years and do so to this day !

What did the sneerers and jeerers ever know of such cases as this one which was but one of thousands that occurred ? Alas, what one must wonder, are things like now ? Could such a case occur today ? What do the old Africans say now as they sit round their fires and as is their custom talk of the past, the old days ? This case would have been spoken of as a classic among the industrious caterpillar sellers and no doubt still is, as they sit and gossip round their fires in the heart of the forests. One hopes that business is still good..... Such cases have, with so many other memories of the Colonial days, passed into folk lore in the golden memories of time; into the past that happened and is now safe and never can be changed. Memories now of a golden age; an age that is now "once", "once", when everything in Africa worked, from railways, buses and hospitals, to telephones and water systems; an age when there was law and order, and above all justice, when every man could have his say and be heeded. Once in those now long gone days.....

The June-July Candour Quiz answers ?

As most of you will have realised the last issue of *Candour* should have been dated June/July 1996 and not simply June '96, (We have had a few problems at this end!)

Here are the questions again with the answers in ***bold italics***.

1. What year was the Bank of England founded ? ***1694.***
2. Who was the white nationalist author of the novel "*Call of the Wild*" ? ***Jack London.***
3. Which King banished the Jews from England in 1290 ? (An edict never rescinded). ***Edward I.***
4. Who wrote the poem "*The Secret People*" ? ***G.K. Chesterton.***
5. Who was the Rhodesian Prime Minister who declared U.D.I. in 1965 ? ***Ian Smith.***
6. Who was the founding Chairman of the National Front in 1967 ? ***A.K. Chesterton.***
7. What President of the U.S.A. said "I pledge you - I pledge myself - to a new deal for the American people." ? ***Franklin D. Roosevelt.***
8. In which country was William Joyce (Lord Haw-haw) born ? ***U.S.A.***
9. Who was responsible for the draining of the Pontine Marshes ? ***Benito Mussolini.***
10. Who was the 19th Century British Army General known as "Old Hookey" ? ***Duke of Wellington.***
11. Who was the author of the "White Australia" Policy ? ***Jack Lang.***
12. What year was the so-called "battle" of Cable Street in the East End of London ? ***1936.***
13. Name the "Big Three" at the conferences held at Teheran and Yalta in the 1940's. ***Roosevelt, Stalin, Churchill.***
14. Who was the assassination target of the 'Jackal' in the, 1971, novel "*The Day of the Jackal*" by Frederick Forsyth ? ***Charles de Gaulle.***
15. What was "Russian" revolutionary, Lev Davidovitch Bronstein, who was later killed in Mexico, better known as ? ***Leon Trotsky.***
16. From what island did Napoleon Bonaparte escape, to return to France, before the battle of Waterloo ? ***Elba.***

Five entrants finished the competition with 15 correct answers. The problem question being No. 11. (I will go back

to the *Candour Library* and dig up some information about Jack Lang for the next issue.) For the next quiz, Christmas, we will allow a two issue period to elapse before announcing the result so that our overseas subscribers have the opportunity to take part.

THE WINNING ENTRY for the prize of a copy of the recently published biography of A.K. Chesterton, by David Baker, *Ideology of Obsession*, was picked from the "hat" by Miss de B. Congratulations and well done to **M.J.K.** of Bognor Regis. Thank you to everyone who had go.

We Don't Please Everyone.....

(The following letter was received at Forest House after the writer responded to an advertisement we placed recently in a national magazine for *The New Unhappy Lords*. We should here mention that we are at present making a big push to 'spread the word' by such means. It is expensive. The 1" advertising space in question cost almost £100 ! This example has shown a small profit already with 22 copies of the *Lords* already ordered in two weeks but we need your help to reach an ever larger audience. Please send donations to the **A.K. Chesterton Trust** and mention 'advertising' on your letter.)

Dear Sir/Madam,

I received the book and sundry items (returned), if you had advertised under the banner of the British National Party, which you didn't, I would never have paid out £5 for it.

Yes, I am anti-EU, but you are neo-nazis, against everything. Yes I am patriotic, but not your sort of patriotism, thank goodness.

You are some of the lunatics who say there was no Holocaust because it suits you to say so. No I am not Jewish, don't need to be, to know what happened to them and others in WW2. Some of whom are still troubled by it.

I am also very pro-American, regardless of who the President is, and I am very grateful that we are once again backing America against another dictator, Saddam Hussein who should have been killed in the Gulf war.

The letter from a Tory MP, his replies were quite correct, you are repugnant in a democratic society and I don't like extremes of either right or left.

You are a disgrace, no wonder you are hidden in the New Forest (sic).

I don't require any more dross from you. I have never read any of G.K. Chesterton works (sic), but he must have been like minded to pass down to his son (sic) such hatreds of mankind. I was in the Forces in WW2 and I was glad we bombed Germany and beat them and the Japs.

Your awful diatribe makes me even believe to become pro-EU (sic).

Yours disgustedly,
S. Mason (MRS)
W. Yorks.

.....All of the Time.

Dear Editor,

I congratulate you on the excellence of the articles you choose for *Candour*. How true that the real heroes get ignored and the criminals the praise !

Now I am wondering if you can help me with a birthday present for my young god-son, who is twelve on September 10th. I am enclosing a cheque value £5.50 for the book *The*

Fable of the Ducks and Hens which I feel he should read and it would be nice if it reached him on his birthday - next Monday. So I am enclosing a note to say it is from me, and giving you his address. Thank you so much, hope this is not too much trouble.

Best Wishes,
Miss P.R.

(*The Fable of the Ducks and Hens* is a beautifully produced, 28 page, full colour, illustrated title intended especially - but not solely - for children. Send you cheque or postal order today for £5.50 U.K. (£6 overseas or a U.S. \$10 bill) to **The A.K. Chesterton Trust**).

The Attorney General,
Attorney General's Chambers,
9 Buckingham Gate,
London SW1E 6JP.
19 Aug '96.

Dear Sir,

I would be grateful for your advice on the possibility of claiming substantial damages on behalf of the British public for stress, psychological harm and mental abuse resulting from the undemocratic invasion of millions of racially incompatible third world immigrants into our small island homeland.

Every time I venture into my neighbouring towns the growth of Pakistani immigrants is overwhelming, suffocating and disorientating and my despair, anxiety and anger at successive governments for their criminal betrayal and abuse of my country, my people and the birthright and heritage of our children causes me acute physical and mental torment and I am made severely depressed and ill.

Although I fully appreciate that no compensation can recompense for the treason perpetrated on the British people by their politicians and monarch, I feel that until such time as an honest leader emerges from our ranks to instigate urgent repatriation and trials for treason against politicians, media hacks and their lackeys responsible for this crime of attempted racial destruction against us, our children, our culture, traditions and society, substantial financial redress to the British people is long overdue.

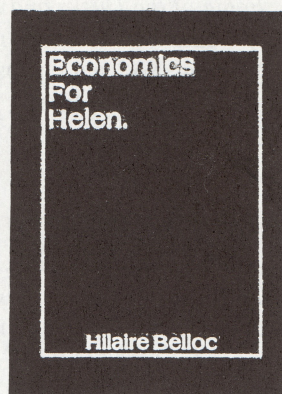
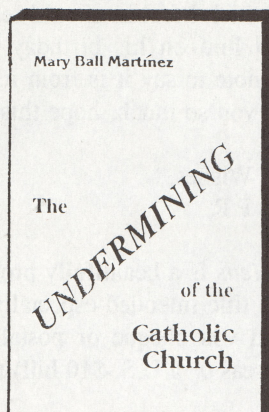
The British people were told when they fought the last war that they were fighting for freedom and to preserve the British way of life, keep Britain British, and repel alien invasion !

Yours Faithfully,
Sylvia Noble (Mrs).

CANDOUR LIBRARY

A big thank you to all *Candour* readers who have responded so far to the *Candour Library* appeal launched in the last issue. Donations of cash and literature are still coming in and once again we urge you to help us further this work. Of particular interest are copies of publications by the following organisations, *The Britons*, *Militant Christian Patriots*, *Imperial Fascist League*, *British Union of Fascists*, *National Socialist League*, *British Movement*, *National Front*, *British National Party* and others. Please send details.

ADVERTISEMENTS



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